THE Numb. 34.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Wednesday** September 21, to **Friday** September 23, 1709.

THE Gay Part of Mankind, who frequent Park, Plays, Chocolate-Houſes, and ev'ry little faſhionable Aſſembly, that rid away many a tedious Hour in reading *Tatlers*, *eating Jellies*, *diſputing upon twenty different ſorts of Snuff*, *and making pretty Satyrical Obſervations upon one another*, muſt have obſerv'd *Beau Maskwell*, one of the *walking Gentlemen* of the Age; a Perſon *Sans Conſequence*, who ev'ry day makes his *Tour* of Publick Places with a kind of *Thoughtleſs Serenity*, and with no other ſeeming deſign, than the many *Saunterers of Eſtate*; he is what we call a *Clean dreſs'd Fellow*, who, inſtead of alarming People with a Scarlet Lac'd Suit, Tiſſue-Facings, or Embroidery, or Elbowing thro' a Coffee-houſe with a monſtrous full bottom Wig, affects pretty fancy'd Druggets, with a Gold Button, or a Black and Silver Binding, a modeſt *French* Night Cap, a nice White Glove, with a Diamond Ring over the Little Finger, and a Colberteen Neckcloth. You meet him every where dangling after a particular Set of Barronets, who are obſerv'd in Publick Places to be very much upon the whiſper, and to have a ſecret value for one another; he is intimate in their Families, and their Ladies think him a modeſt, ſober, diſcreet Perſon, that lives prettily on a Younger Brother's Fortune, and they have a mighty value in this Age *for ev'ry Body that keeps within Compaſs*; but as there are a ſort of *tricking People*, that paſs thro' the World without Noiſe, and had rather pick up a moderate Subſiſtance with Security and Reputation, than publickly to expoſe their way of Living, by puſhing at great Matters. *Beau Maskwell* is not the leaſt Politick of theſe; he is extreamly indifferent whether you call for Cards or no, had as live play for Sixpences as half Crowns, and if he comes off Ten Shillings Winner, the Ladies think his Company repays it, and can't ſuppoſe ſuch trifling Play ſhou'd be a Gentleman's ſupport; but as incredible Eſtates have by Aſſiduity and Cunning, been rais'd from the moſt abject Callings, *Maskwell*, who has ſtudy'd *Picquet* more than *Æſculapius* ever did *Phyſick*, can ſlightly place the Cards to his own Advantage, and commit Soleciſms, without being the leaſt out of Countenance, has for ſeveral Years paſt genteelly *ſhuffl'd* himſelf thro' all the difficulties of Life. His aſſociating with ſome of the better ſort, makes People regard him with a kind of Deference, 'tis not material now a days, whether a Man has *Birth*, *Fortune*, *Wit*, *Senſe*, *Religion* or *Morality*; if the World ſtamps him a *pretty Gentleman*, he paſſes Current in all Company; as ſuch *Beau Maskwell* has been look'd upon, and there's ſcarce a Dancing Bout, *Baſſet* Night, or Collation, but he's one of the Cabal. Sometime paſt he had an Invitation to Supper, where he found a Select, Genteel Society; amongſt the reſt, *Hillaria*, an eaſy, unaffected, young Lady of about Six Thouſand Pounds Fortune, was the Life of the Company, her Youth and good Humour made her a little Frolickſome; ſhe was equally Pleaſant, Witty, and Familiar with Strangers, as well as Acquaintance, and the Ladies were as much charm'd with her Gaity, as the Men were raviſh'd with her Beauty; they laugh'd, they danc'd, *play'd at Queſtions and Commands*, *Hillaria* romp'd a little, ev'ry body ſeem'd wonderfully pleas'd with each other, and they only lamented the Misfortune of being oblig'd to part at Break of Day. Two Days after, the ſame Company aſſembl'd on another Invitation. *Maskwell* was there, and ask'd leave to introduce a particular Friend; after Supper, the Vote was unanimous for Cards, except *Maskwell*, who ſo ſtrongly oppos'd his darling Pleaſure and Profeſſion, and was ſo ſtrangely eager for *Queſtions and Commands*, that ſome People began to ſuſpect his good Manners; however, the *Reconciling Hillaria* to make every body eaſy, that ſhe might be ſo her ſelf, propos'd both Diverſions; the Company were to be firſt *Queſtion'd* round, and then *Commanded* to Cards; *Maskwell* diſcover'd no ſmall Satisfaction, at being oblig'd in ſo ſeeming a Trifle, and when he aſſum'd the Title of *King*, and the bright *Hillaria* condeſcended to be his *Subject*, he *Commanded* her to Marry him, and that the Perſon he had introduc'd, ſhou'd perform the *Prieſtly Office*. The giddy Nymph, who was for *Clapperdepouch*, or any thing, readily conſents, banters him *with having know'd the Sheets a great while*; *that the War has made ſuch a havock among the Men*, *ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhou'd ha' dy'd of the Pip*, *but that* (*Thanks to her better Stars*) *ſhe had now got a Husband before her Elder Siſter*, and the Stranger praiſing himſelf for an admirable Memory, repeated the *Service* between 'em. *Maskwell* ſends immediately *for Gloves and Favours*, *Hillaria*'s ready to die with laughing, the Company think 'em *Comical Creatures*, and the Romantick Airs of this new marry'd Couple, afforded ſo much of what they call *Paſtime*, that ſeveral wiſh'd it had been a Match in earneſt, and thought it unnatural to part without throwing the Stocking. *Maskwell* the next Morning attends his Bride, was careleſs enough as to her Perſon, but demands her Fortune. *Hillaria* laughs ſtill, he commends her good Humour, and hopes his Claim won't in the leaſt divert it, but ſays, they were actually marry'd the Night before, and that the Perſon, who perform'd the Ceremony, was a Clergy-man in the *Fleet*, whom he had introduc'd in Lay Habit for that purpoſe. *Hillaria* then began to change, her Relations were ſummon'd upon the Matter, but *Maskwell* impudently aſſerting the Marriage, and being a Fellow of too much Craft to be banter'd, bully'd or baffl'd, the trembling *Hillaria* to prevent Town-talk, and the

cog-

Cognizance of *Doctor's Commons*, for making a Jest of Sacred Things, gave him a Thousand Pounds to wave his Pretentions to her. *Maskwell* now flouriſh'd like his *Baronets*, they publiſh'd him a Man of an Eſtate, recommended him to Fortunes, and about a Month paſt he was marry'd to a Lady of Three Thouſand Pounds, and made her a Joynture in *Utopia*.

Mrs. Nicket, *the Coffee Woman in* Fleet-ſtreet, *where People are forc'd to Dun Sixteen times for Sixteen Shillings, is deſired to pay her Debts, or not to ſupport her Daughter in that State and inſufferable Pride; ſhe thinks her ſelf too good to viſit any of her Neighbours, has not her Health on this ſide* Temple-Barr, *and were the Houſe on fire, won'd not ſtir out of it, till a Chair was at the door; ſhe affects to be the firſt in every new Mode, yet is ſo long a diſhing her ſelf out, that before ſhe's quite dreſs'd, ſhe's quite out of Faſhion: She has ſuch variety of* Faces, *that when ſhe Viſits her moſt intimate Acquaintance, ſhe's forc'd to tell 'em who ſhe is, and when ſhe Marries, deſigns to have as many more; for if ſhe Squints, Cocks her Chin, and toſſes up her Noſe at all Mankind, what diſtorted Airs will ſhe give her ſelf to her Husband. When her Ladyſhip takes her flight, which is according as the Weather affects her Head, She Skreams thro' the Coffee-Room, wondring where ſhe is, and if ſhe returns not till three in the Morning, 'tis to avoid running the Gantlet thro' ſuch* a pack of dirty Fellows: *She's paſſionately fond of* Romances, *and when ſhe reads of* Caſſandra, Celia, Partheniſſa *and* Dulcinea del Toboſa; *ſhe fancies her ſelf to be all theſe, and if ſome* Don Quixote *of Eſtate, having firſt encounter'd Windmills for her ſake, wou'd make his Addreſſes to her, her Mother has promis'd to throw up her Coffee-houſe, and will do 'em the Honour to live with 'em.*

*** *The Ingenious Notary Publick near the* Change, *the chief ſupport of the* Britiſh Apollo Creatures, *whoſe Papers are daily brighten'd with his Poetical Productions, is deſired not to baulk ſo wonderful a Genius; the Town at firſt careleſsly paſs'd over his fine Thoughts to* Apollo, *judging of 'em by the Company they were in; but ſome of his late* Performances, *particularly that* in Praiſe of *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *have given us to know the Author of our* Modern half Sheet Poems, Garlands of fine Songs, and Elaborate Elegies: *Wou'd he draw his* Policies *in Verſe, Poets perhaps might turn Inſurers, and wou'd doubtleſs have as much Credit with the Merchants, as his Poetry has Reputation among the Wits; to ſay more, might elevate him too much, ſince Vanity has already ſuch an Aſcendant over him, that tho' his Verſes were a* Libel, *he cou'd n't forbear ſetting* J. B. *to 'em.*

†‡† *Mrs.* Penelope Penny-royal, *a middle Ag'd Maid, that has Three Thouſand Pounds, and plays finely on the Organ, having many Years, to no purpoſe, pretended to a Coach, is now willing to diſpoſe of herſelf at Reaſonable Rates: She may be ſeen moſt hours in the Day ſtanding at the Door, near* Catherine-ſtreet *in the* Strand; *ſhe's a freſh colour'd Lady in a Yellow Damask Gown, her Pinners not above a quarter of a Yard higher than other Peoples, the Furbulow of her Nightrail don't quit touch the Ground, nor does her Watch hang much below her Knee. Whoever thinks fit to ingage in her Service, will have a very* Cordial *Reception.*

*** Leather Breeches *and* Law, *to be Sold, at the Houſe next the Paſſage that leads to* Fleet-Ditch, *out of* Dorſet Garden, *by* Wholeſale *or* Retale, *a good Pennyworth; where alſo is an infallible Cure for wounded Buff Coats that have ſuffer'd any manner of damage in the Artillery-Ground at a ſmall Charge; as well Writings to be had fairly Engroſs'd.*

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to inſert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, to very terrible if neglected, or ill manag'd; diſcovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters, &c. ſetting forth the dismal effects of ill Cures, cauſing many Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes, which they often times are at a loſs to account for. By John Marten, Surgeon. Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton-Garden.

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